THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—*Othello.*

No. 3694. *Friday, Oct.* 18, 1833. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Drury Lane Theatre.

SHAKSPEARE'S Play of *Cymbeline* was performed here last night, the part of *Leonatus Posthumus* by Macready, *Iachimo*, by Cooper, and *Imogen*, by Ellen Tree. We know not why it is this Play is so seldom performed, for there are few which afford more pleasure in the closet, or which, when represented as it was last night, can excite more lively interest. He must be cold and heartless indeed whose bosom would not glow towards the tender, artless *Imogen*, who of all Shakspeare's heroines is the most lovable, and never, with the exception of her sister, did we ever see a more fitting representative of the character than Ellen Tree. She looked and acted the part to the life; her incredulity as to her husband's infidelity, in the opening scene with *Iachimo*, was beautifully expressed, and her grief when *Pisanio* gave her the letter from *Leonatus*, accusing her of incontinence, was exquisitely touching. Macready's *Leonatus* was a faultless performance; true to nature, there was nothing the most hypercritical could carp at. Cooper's *Iachimo* was good, and the Play altogether was satisfactorily done; it is a libel on the taste of the town that the house was not better filled, people cry out for Shakspeare, yet when his plays are performed no one thinks of going to see them. *Old and Young*, and *The Mayor of Garratt*, were the afterpieces.

Covent Garden Theatre.

SHERIDAN'S Opera of *The Duenna* was performed here last evening, and, as far as the musical portion of it went, in the most unsatisfactory manner. An apology was made for Miss Inverarity, who had a sore throat, and who omitted all the music of the part of *Clara*, and Miss Shirreff's voice and style of singing rendered her a most inefficient *Carlos*; indeed, Miss Betts was the only one who did justice to their music, and she did not know one word of the dialogue; it is a pity she had not resumed her own part of *Clara*, as a substitute might have been found for *Louisa*, in Mrs. Penley. Mrs. C. Jones, and Dowton, acted admirably as the Duenna and *Isaac*, and their acting was the only thing which elicited applause. *My Neighbour's Wife*, and *Black Eyed Susan*, concluded.—There was a miserable house.

Hay-market Theatre.

AT this Theatre, last night, the Comedy of *The Clandestine Marriage*, with Buckstone's *petite* Comedy of *Uncle John*, and *Artaxerxes*, were performed to a numerous & delighted audience.

A young lady of the name of Atkinson, pupil of Mr. Guynemer, essayed her vocal powers on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre on Wednesday morning with the most triumphant suc-

cess; she sang the difficult scena in Bellini's Opera of *La Sonnambula*, (which is familiar to most of our readers by Malibran's delightful execution of it,) with great taste and spirit. Miss Atkinson is very lady-like and prepossessing in her appearance, and her voice is of a rich quality, powerful, and of great compass. Mrs. Bartley is instructing her in the histrionic department of her art.

The City Theatre was sold on Wednesday for 310 guineas.—It was described as commodiously adapted for the accomodation of 1000 persons, with every requisite appertinence, such as saloon, green-room, wardrobe, properties and fittings. The whole leasehold for 15 years at 200 guineas ground rent. A box in the Victoria Theatre, held for 80 years from 1817, at a peppercorn, and entitling the possessor to a transferable freeadmission, fetched £210

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

Dear Mr. Editor.—I address you from The Union, just through Temple Bar, kept by my old friend Bacon, (late waiter at the Cock) meet lots of Theatricals here after the Theatres are over, and can get excellent Suppers, real Cognac, Brown Stout, &c. all cheap—half hotel—half tavern—makes up 60 beds—but beg pardon, just wish to say a word, hope I don't intrude—will you excuse me, I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday, call at the Queen's Bazaar, Oxford Street, to see the beautiful copy of *Martin's Belshazzar's Feast*, painted expressly, with Dioramic effect, by H. Sebron for this Establishment.—This is the Picture that excited so much curiosity in the Court of Chancery, for which the Vice Chancellor refused the Injunction—found it crowded to suffocation. *The Physiorama*, containing 14 views, has been added to the *Diorama*, forming together one Exhibiton for a 1s

Afterwards pop in, a few doors higher up, to that *depot* of taste and fashion the *Palmerian Magazine*, fully equipped with my very best specs, to admire Palmer's elegant Dressing Case, which is making for the Emperor of Austria—wonderful curiosity—friend P. only arrived lately from St. James's-street.

But stop, I must run to that well established emporium of fashion, *The Western Exchange Bazaar*, Old Bond Street, all my country cousins are waiting for my opinion before they make the purchases;—and then we visit, in the gallery above, that astonishing specimen of human industry, *The Model of London*, where every man may find his own dwelling, if he has one.—120,000 Houses!!—140 Churches!!!

Ashamed of the rain penetrating my Beaver, determined "to set my crown upon a cast," dropt into Perring's, 85, Strand, purchased one equal to Vestris in beauty and durability, and as *waterproof* as Jack Reeve—quite a bargain, only a Guinea.

Tuesday, I have a great treat by lounging for an hour or two at the Suffolk Street Gallery, contemplating the choice specimens of the British School of Painting which adorn its walls. Everybody must go, for the artist, the connoisseur, and the mere *desœuvre*, will be equally delighted and instructed.

I very often drop in to dine at the Table d'Hote provided by Evans, formerly at Covent Garden Theatre, at his hotel, late Joy's, Piazza—only 2s. and served with elegance, enlivened with the singing and wit of his brother actors.—Can have a Chop, &c. here as cheap as at his old house in Maiden Lane.

On Friday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.

Several of my friends having been misled by external appearances, and popped into the wrong shop, I would recommend them in future to order their Wines and Spirits *by post*, as there can be no mistake in directing letters to Brett's Patent Brandy Depot, 109, Drury Lane.

How Macready shines to-night, says I, at Drury—Mrs P. instantly asked me this Con.—"Who is the most shining and reflecting man, & the greatest friend to the *Polish* cause in London?" looked at my brilliant boots, and exclaimed "*Robert Warren!*"—Isn't that a good one?—but I intrude, beg pardon—

Yours, &c. PAUL PRY.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, (first time these 10 years) the Tragedy of

Alexander the Great;

Or, THE RIVAL QUEENS!

Preceded by Spontini's Overture to "OLYMPIA."

Alexander, Mr KING,
Clytus, Mr BARTLEY, Cassander, Mr DIDDEAR,
Lysimachus, Mr G. BENNETT,
Hephestion, Mr WOOD, Perdiccas, Mr PAYNE,
Polypercheon, Mr BAKER, Thessalus, Mr PERKINS,
Eumenes, Mr IRWIN, Aristander, Mr MEARS,
Slave, Mr T. MATTHEWS,
Roxana, Miss PHILLIPS, Statia, Miss TAYLOR,
Parisatis, Miss MURRAY,
Sysigambis.....Mrs VINING.

In Act II.—The Triumphant Entrance of Alexander into Babylon, in a Car, drawn by three Horses a-breast.

After which, a new Farce, called

My Neighbour's Wife!

Mr Somerton, Mr COOPER, Mr Brown, Mr MEADOWS,
Mr Smith, Mr BARTLEY,
Mrs Somerton, Miss TAYLOR, Mrs Brown, Miss KENNETH,
Mrs Smith, Miss MURRAY.

To conclude with, the Melo-drama, called

THE PILOT.

Captain Boroughcliff, Mr MEADOWS,
The Pilot,.....Mr G. BENNETT,
Colonel Howard, Mr MATHEWS,
Captain of the American Frigate, Mr IRWIN,
Long Tom Coffin, (Cockswain) Mr T. P. COOKE,
Lieutenant Griffiths, Mr PAYNE,
Barnstable, Mr WOOD, Mr Merry, Mr MEARS,
Serjeant Drill, Mr TURNOUR,
Servant, Mr J. COOPER,
Kate Plowden, ... Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Cecilia, Miss H. CAWSE, Irish Woman, Mrs BROAD.

To-morrow there will be no performance.

Theatre Royal, Hay-Market.

This Evening, the Opera of The

Barber of Seville.

Count Almaviva, Mr VINING,
Basil, Mr HUCKEL, Fiorello, Mr EDWIN,
Doctor Bartolo, Mr STRICKLAND,
Officer, Mr GALLOT, Argus, Mr BISHOP,
Figaro, Mr WEBSTER,
Tallboy, Mr EATON, Alguazil, Mr GREEN,
Notary, Mr EAST.
Rosina.....Miss ELIZA PATON,
Marcellina, Miss MATTLEY.

After which, a petite Comedy, in two Acts, called

UNCLE JOHN.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS:

Mr W. FARREN, Mr BRINDAL, Mr WEBSTER,
Mr J. COOPER, Mr STRICKLAND,
Mrs HUMBY, Mrs W. CLIFFORD,
Mrs GLOVER.

To conclude with, Sheridan's Comedy of

THE RIVALS.

Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr W. FARREN,
Captain Absolute, Mr VINING, Acres, Mr WEBSTER,
Faulkland, Mr ELTON,
Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Mr WEEKES,
Fag, Mr COVENEY, David, Mr J. COOPER,
Coachman, Mr W. JOHNSON,
Mrs Malaprop, Mrs GLOVER Julia, Miss PELHAM,
Lydia Languish, Mrs HUMBY,
Lucy, Mrs NEWCOMBE, Maid, Mrs W. JOHNSON.

To-morrow, Uncle John, The Steward, and John of Paris.

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